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THOMAS HUTCHINSON.*

It was the misfortune of Thomas Hutchinson that he was the royal governor of Massachusetts from 1769 to 1774. A storm was gathering at this period, which was soon to burst out in an eight years' war and result in the separation of the American colonies from the mother country. Although the ablest and most accomplished man among his contemporaries, no one has been more berated by American writers than Governor Hutchinson. He was on the wrong side of the contest, and the official representative of all that was stupid, arbitrary, and suicidal, in the policy of the British crown and ministry. For being a tory instead of a whig, he may have deserved some of this rank criticism; yet there is another side of his public life and personal character which it may be well to consider in a more dispassionate manner. The confiscation of his property, the banishment from his native

* THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF HIS EXCELLENCY THOMAS HUTCHINSON, Esq. Compiled from the original documents still remaining in the possession of his descendants. By Peter Orlando Hutchinson, one of his great-grandsons. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

land which he loved, and the other misfortunes which overtook him in the Revolutionary struggle, commend him to our sympathy and impartial judgment. After a stormy rule of the rebellious colony for five years, as governor, he turned over the duties of his office to General Gage, and sailed for England in June 1774. He never returned, and died there in June 1780.

Among the manuscripts which he left in England was a continuation of his "History of Massachusetts" down to the time he left the country, which was printed, as a third volume, at London, in 1828. He left also letters, and a diary which he kept in England from the date of his arrival to his last illness, which are now printed and edited by his grandson, Peter O. Hutchinson. The grandson is evidently a senile English tory; and whatever of his own writing he has contributed to the volume is next to worthless. His main purpose seems to be to show that the conduct of the crown and ministry towards the American colonies was proper, and to justify his ancestor for having been a tory, when the said ancestor needs no justification that this fussy old descendant can make. He writes like a soap-boiler — after this fashion: "The great events of history, though they may grow old, never become wholly obsolete. Great facts are always facts, and they stand out like landmarks before our eyes whenever we look back at the annals of our past career." Whatever he has printed of his ancestor's writings is good, and is characteristic of the writer. The interview, of nearly twenty pages, between King George III and the Governor, which the latter has put into his diary (pp. 157-175), is entertaining. As the names of prominent men in the colony are mentioned, the King inquires who they are:

"K. Who is Mr. Pitts? H. He is one of the council — married Mr. Bowdoin's sister. K. I have heard of Dr. Chauncy and Dr. Cooper; but who is Dr. Winthrop? H. He is not a doctor of divinity, sir, but of law, a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in the college. K. I have heard of one Mr. Adams [Samuel]; but who is the other? H. He is a lawyer, sir, [John]. K. Brother of the other? H. No sir, a relation."

There is a moderation in his political opinions and an absence of complaint over personal injuries, in the interview, which is credit-

able to the Governor. His town residence at Boston had been sacked by a mob, and his books and papers, which were his idols, had been thrown into the street and trampled in the mud; but no mention of this outrage was made to the king.

We may drop the descendant's book here, and consider some of the prominent incidents in the life of Governor Hutchinson himself. Unlike his predecessors in the office—Shirley, Pownall, and Bernard, who were Englishmen,—Hutchinson was a native of Massachusetts, "to the manner born." His ancestors came over during the first decade of the colony, and his father and grandfather were, like himself, prosperous merchants in Boston, and occupied prominent positions in public life. He was born in 1711, and when twelve years of age entered Harvard college, and graduated in 1727. He then went into his father's counting-house, and appreciating that he had not made that progress in his studies which he desired, he took up the study of the Latin classics afresh, and acquired a knowledge of and relish for the language which he never lost. With the same spirit, while still engaged in mercantile pursuits, he took up the study of French, and was a member of a club where all the conversation was carried on in French. He then became interested in history, especially New England history. Four stout volumes lying before me—three entitled "The History of Massachusetts," and a yellow, musty volume, entitled "A Collection of Original Papers relative to the History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," Boston, 1769, the four most precious books on the colonial history of that State—attest his zeal and industry as an historical student. He married when he was twenty-three years of age, and when he was twenty-six was elected one of the selectmen of the town of Boston, and a representative to the General Court. For the next thirty-seven years he was constantly in public life, and in a great variety of offices, to which he was elected by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, until he received his later appointments from the British crown. At one time he held the offices of judge of probate, councillor, chief-justice, and lieutenant-governor; and until the excitement growing out of the stamp-act in 1765, he was the most popular man in the colony, as he was confessedly the ablest. His wealth and family connections, his polished manners, affability, integrity, and industry, his respect for religion of the congregational order, and his sympathy with the distressed and unfortunate, secured for him public confidence and esteem. He lived in a style of elegance and luxury, maintaining a house in the town, and an expensive country house at Milton, eight miles from the town,

where he dispensed a liberal hospitality. When holding several other higher offices, he was asked why he retained that of judge of probate, which took much of his time and brought upon him many troublesome details. He said he retained it because it gave him the opportunity to help widows and orphans, and to give them the counsel they needed in settling their small estates. He said he had rather give up all his other offices than this.

At the first session of the General Court which he attended as a representative from Boston, he took a decided stand against issuing more paper money, and advocated the redemption of the depreciated currency which was already out, and coming back to specie payment. There was a paper-money craze in the colony at that time—a lunacy similar to what we have seen in our day. He based his views, he said, "upon a principle very ancient, but too seldom practiced upon, *nil utile quod non honestum*." The "greenbackers" of that time defeated him the next year; but in the following year he was returned, and had the opportunity of fighting and defeating the "land bank," a wild-cat institution, which had no capital, but issued bills of credit on the security of mortgages on real estate. The institution had eight thousand subscribers who hoped to be borrowers. They were, he said, "generally of low condition, of small estates, and many of them insolvent." The principal merchants and men of property refused to receive the bills; but they were taken by the shop-keepers and small traders, and the scheme was popular with the people at large. In the second volume of his history he has given a full account of this and other early financial schemes. On a petition sent from Boston, the "land bank" was suppressed by an act of Parliament. In the controversy out of which grew the Revolution, the whigs held as their cardinal doctrine that Parliament had no right to legislate in any manner for the colonies.

Through Mr. Hutchinson's influence, £238,964, paid in specie by the British Government to Massachusetts for expenses and services in the capture of Louisburg, was used for calling in and cancelling all the depreciated currency of the province, at the rate of seven and a half of currency to one of specie, and honest money was thus restored to Massachusetts. While the measure was under discussion, he was so unpopular with the "greenbackers" that a motion was made in the Council to station a guard about his country house at Milton, which he desired might not be done. In a year after paper money had been withdrawn, business had so revived that the author of the scheme was as much praised for his courage and wisdom as he had before been condemned.

The office of councillor he held from 1749 to 1766, and of lieutenant-governor from 1758 to 1771, when his commission as governor arrived. As Governor Bernard left the province in 1769, the duties of the office had devolved upon him for two years. He was appointed chief-justice in 1760, and although he was not regularly educated for the bar, he filled the position with so much intelligence and impartiality that his decisions gave universal satisfaction. He maintained his popularity with the masses up to the year 1765, when the political controversy with the mother country burst into a flame by the passage in Parliament of the stamp-act. The last nine years of his official life in Massachusetts were disturbed by a constant succession of conflicts with his legislature, and pitched battles with the patriot whigs. There were many brilliant men in the colony who were his bitter political opponents, but in ability, tact, and personal accomplishments, he outranked them all.

A rumor spread among the people, when news of the passage of the stamp-act was daily expected, that the chief-justice had written letters to England recommending its passage. The rumor was unfounded, for he said in the preface to the second volume of his history: "I had in public and private, in every way and manner which appeared to me the most prudent, endeavored to show the inexpediency of an act of Parliament of this nature." On the evening of August 26, 1765, when this rumor was current, a mob broke into his town house, and what they did not destroy they threw into the street. The outrage was promptly condemned by the Council and the House of Representatives, and a grant of £3,194 was voted to him as compensation for his losses. The courts also made a vain show of arresting and punishing the mob. The moderation with which Governor Hutchinson on several occasions spoke of this event, was characteristic of his nature. In the preface of the second volume of his *History of Massachusetts*, he mentioned the fact that the manuscript of the volume was among his papers thrown into the street. He said:

"For several days I had no hope of recovering any considerable part of my history; but by the great care and pains of my good friend and neighbor, the Reverend Mr. Eliot, who received into his house all my books and papers which were saved, the whole manuscript, except eight or ten sheets, were collected together; and although it had lain in the street scattered abroad several hours in the rain, yet so much of it was legible that I was able to supply the rest and transcribe it. The most valuable materials were lost, some of which I designed to have published in the appendix. I pray God to forgive the actors in, and advisors to, this most savage and inhuman injury, and I hope their posterity will read with pleasure and profit what has so narrowly escaped the outrage of their ancestors."

After Governor Hutchinson had gone to England and hostilities had broken out, the State of Massachusetts confiscated his estates, with his books and papers; and a large and valuable collection of the latter is now in the archives of the State House in Boston. Among them is a bound volume which is often shown to visitors, containing the manuscript described in the above extract, discolored by rain and mud, and stamped with horses' hoofs and human feet. In the same volume is also the autograph manuscript which he transcribed, and from which the volume was printed. As I first detected the fact, some years ago, that the volume contained two manuscripts, and as I made a careful collation of them, I may say that they are in many places quite unlike, and that in transcribing the author made many changes and omissions, the earlier draft being the fullest and most accurate. For the purpose of exhibiting this dissimilarity, I printed, from the first draft, his account of Salem Witchcraft, with notes, in "*The New England Genealogical and Historical Register*" for October, 1870 (vol. 24, p. 381). Governor Hutchinson's style as an historical writer is singularly clear, simple, and natural. He writes as a gentleman of education and culture, who has something important to say, would talk; without any mannerisms, or attempt to be eloquent or sensational. His style is one which most historical writers can safely take as a model.

No sketch of Governor Hutchinson's personal and political career can do justice to the subject, which does not set forth the principles and details of the controversies in which he was engaged with the Revolutionary leaders. The limits of this article forbid so extended a sketch. He had principles which his and other conservative minds regarded as a full justification of his policy. He did not regard a tax of three pence per pound on tea as a sufficient pretext upon which to go into war with Great Britain; and especially when, with this tax, the colonists were buying their tea cheaper than they ever did before. There was then no bond of union or sympathy between the colonies, and he did not see where the power of successfully resisting the king and parliament was coming from. To him, an unsuccessful revolution meant destruction, or a worse condition of the colonies.

In 1773, Dr. Franklin, then in England as agent of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, procured some letters of Hutchinson and others written to English correspondents several years before, and sent them to the Speaker of the House, with instructions that they should not be copied or published. These letters were read in the House of Representatives, with closed doors, and raised a storm of indignation against the Governor, who took the matter

coolly, and said there was nothing in the letters which he had not officially and repeatedly expressed to the House and its committees. The letters were afterwards printed in Boston, and also in London; and a duel was fought in London concerning them, in which one of the parties was wounded. A few months later occurred the destruction of several cargoes of tea in Boston harbor, a part of which had been consigned to the sons of the Governor. The excitement of the people against the Governor had now so increased that he and his sons found it safe to take refuge for a time at the castle in the harbor. Writing in February, 1774, to Lord Dartmouth, he said:

"I see no prospect, my lord, of the government of this province being restored to its former state without the intervention of the authority in England. I rather think the anarchy will increase until the whole province is in confusion. Despairing of success in any further attempts for His Majesty's service, I had determined to avail myself of the leave given me to go to England; and was preparing for my passage with the view of being there before the middle of April; but before it would be possible for me to embark, the Lieutenant-Governor had so declined in his health that I was obliged to put a stop to the provision which was making for my departure. If he recruits, I intend, the first opportunity after that, to resume my preparations."

He sailed on the 1st of June, never again to see his native country; nor did he live to know the result of the war, in the preliminary controversies of which he had taken so prominent a part.

W. F. POOLE.

MALLOCK ON SOCIALISM.*

Mr. Mallock has had the misfortune to convince the reading public that he is not sincere. His brilliant early writing awakened much curiosity concerning him, and many minds of a conservative tendency were ready to turn to him as to a trusted and efficient champion of established institutions and time-honored creeds. But as his prolific pen produced essays and novelettes and even poems in unchecked succession, an unpleasant flavor became perceptible. The suspicion that he was unable to discriminate clearly between virtue and vice became prevalent; and when the "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" appeared, the conviction became general, and, it is to be feared, ineradicable, that he is unsound at the heart. Charles Godfrey Leland punned upon his name with Hamlet's words,

"Marry, this is miching mallecho, it means mischief," and went unrebuked.

So it has come about that the hopes excited by the "New Republic" have wholly vanished,

* *PROPERTY AND PROGRESS; OR, A Brief Inquiry into Contemporary Social Agitation in England.* By W. H. Mallock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and Mallock at the best is regarded as a clever intellectual athlete. His reasoning, however sound it may be, is not taken as earnest search after truth, but as the mere exhibition of dialectic skill. This is a misfortune that especially affects his latest book, "Property and Progress." The people of England, and also many thoughtful men in this country, are thoroughly in earnest in their discussions of socialism. English politics is just now more affected by these discussions than by any other single influence; and it is necessary, if any one would command an attentive hearing on this question, that first of all he be sincere. If "Property and Progress" were the work of a new writer, it would doubtless be received without any suspicion of insincerity. There is nothing in its tone or method to suggest that the author does not believe what he says. It is only Mallock's reputation which casts a cloud over the honesty of his argument.

"Progress and Poverty" is made up of three parts, each of which is an essay reprinted from the "Quarterly Review." The first of these is a refutation in detail of Henry George's theories. The second is devoted to the socialist views now popular in England. The third considers the actual condition of the working classes in England, and shows that the socialist theory of the degenerating tendency of society is wholly disproved by facts. The three parts form a logical sequence, and their effect is to answer at all points the arguments of the socialists. Mr. Mallock is much more lenient in his treatment of George than in his handling of the English socialist Hyndman, and the English radical Chamberlain. He seems to assume that, being an American, George may be expected to be wild and unsound; but Hyndman and Chamberlain, having been born and educated amidst the blessings of English society, must be more or less vicious and ungrateful in their efforts to wreck it. Nevertheless, although more courteous in his tone towards George, his blows are delivered squarely and with crushing effect upon his main propositions. Against George's theory of wages, his theory of population, and his claim that profits of industry are all absorbed in the augmentation of rent, Mallock brings to bear the keenest analysis. There is not space here to give even the main points of this able dissection. Indeed, no summary could do it justice. Every stroke does execution, and hardly a sentence can be omitted without detracting from the completeness of the exposure. There is very little left of Mr. George's argument after Mr. Mallock has finished his work.

But it is in the second essay, which considers the fundamental theory of socialism, that

Mallock makes his most telling point. He calls attention to the fact, which has commonly escaped attention, that socialism rests on the proposition: "All wealth is due to labor; therefore to the laborer all wealth is due." This has been called "the great Archimedian pivot, from which the modern socialists would turn the world upside down." Mallock pronounces this "one of the most abject sophisms that ever imposed itself on the meanest of human intellects." He calls it the fundamental error of socialism, and devotes the greater part of this essay to the practical illustration of some of the most obvious absurdities to which it leads. He sums up his conclusions by pronouncing "what presents itself as the new economic gospel" to be "at once the most specious and yet the crudest tissue of fallacies that has ever threatened society or disgraced any modern thinker."

In his third essay, Mr. Mallock examines the socialists' chief appeal to popular sympathy, as expressed in the always reiterated statement that society is every year becoming more intolerable, because under the present system the rich are constantly growing richer, and the poor poorer. It is a curious characteristic of human opinion, that sometimes everybody will confidently assert and firmly believe what is amply disproved by the commonest every-day facts in everybody's experience. The general declaration and discussion lately of the proposition that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, is an illustration of this characteristic. Men have repeated it confidently and with heat and rage. For a long while no one appeared to question it. Yet there is hardly an individual, in this country at least, whose personal experience during the past twenty years does not contain its refutation. The rich have grown richer indeed, but the poor have grown richer also. This has been the rule everywhere among able-bodied energetic people. Few have fallen back in their means of living; while multitudes have gained immensely in their range of consumption. Yet we have all been deluded into anxious speculations as to what ought to be done to check the dreadful tendency of the poor to grow poorer. We might have saved ourselves these gloomy forebodings, if we had taken the trouble to ask ourselves a few simple questions. But the world was in the mood to worry itself with sad anticipations, and not in the mood to make careful inquiries. Mr. Giffen, the President of the London Statistical Society, finally took the matter in hand and showed most conclusively that in England during the last thirty years very much the larger part of the increase of wealth has gone to the poor—that is, to that portion of the population which work for

wages; and that the wages of the average working-man will now purchase much more of the necessities and comforts of life than ever before. Mr. Mallock, in this essay, takes up this inquiry and finds no difficulty in reaching a similar conclusion to that of Mr. Giffen, but his manner is a marked contrast to that of the eminent statistician. The latter is calm and clear. He makes his arguments judiciously and carefully. His tone is moderate, but his results are beyond dispute. And when he has established his conclusions, he is contented to rest his case, and does not indulge in a dance of victory over the remains of the vanquished. Mallock, on the other hand, allows his swinging rhetoric full play. He calls the socialist picture of modern progress "the fantastic dream of a madman." He rings the changes upon the astonishing ignorance and inaccuracy of the socialist Hyndman and of the radical Chamberlain, and exults in multiplying examples of their misstatements and perverse reasoning. In fact, he almost turns the sympathy of his readers in favor of his victims, so severe and vindictive is his arraignment.

We cannot avoid the impression that Mallock is too clever to be entirely sincere. It may be that it is our previous acquaintance with him that produces this impression. But it is a trait of human nature to applaud sincerity even when it is wrong-headed, rather than mercenary dexterity even though fighting for the truth. Henry George and his fellow socialists have convinced the public of their thorough devotion to the doctrines which they advocate. They are deluded, beyond question; but they believe that their mission is to enlighten and benefit their fellow-men. Fanatic error has always produced more trouble in the world than adroit but conscious knavery. Mankind are much more easily influenced by earnestness than by logic. So it is probable that Mallock's work will fail to turn the socialists of England from the error of their ways, although it sets forth unanswerable arguments against them.

M. L. SCUDDER, JR.

SHAKESPEARE AS A JURIST.*

It is refreshing, in these times of accumulation of trifling comments upon Shakespeare's text, to meet with a contribution to the current discussion which is both novel and discriminating. A lawyer in active practice, Mr. Cushman K. Davis (late Governor of Minnesota), has in his leisure moments collected the evidences of the great dramatist's familiarity with the law. In the three hundred citations he

* THE LAW IN SHAKESPEARE. By C. K. Davis. St. Paul: West Publishing Company.

has made, showing the ready use of terms which are the current coin of only the bar, he has far exceeded the labors of all previous commentators of this class. Twenty-five years have elapsed since Lord Campbell, in his "Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements Considered," cited less than one hundred instances of the use of law terms, and reached no conclusion on the question whether the dramatist was in fact a trained lawyer. The questions propounded by Mr. Payne Collier, which Lord Campbell felt obliged to relegate to the jury, are now argued by Mr. Davis so forcibly that a verdict seems attainable. A busy lawyer, who is nevertheless a close student of Shakespeare's text, has compared with it, more closely than any of his predecessors, the black-letter law learning to which the dramatist may have had access, and has brought to the work a delicate perspicacity, as well as a sympathetic appreciation of the characteristics of his favorite author. That he writes upon the subject as only a lawyer can write, every well-read brother lawyer will admit. It will be seen, too, that the value of his work rests not in the extent of his researches or the number of his citations. Nor is it found alone in the clearness of his exposition of the correctness of Shakespeare's legal nomenclature; for this Lord Campbell had conceded, saying, "to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can be neither demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of error." Mr. Davis has done more. He has demonstrated that the use of legal terms by his great subject was not merely such as might have distinguished an attorney's clerk, or a shrewd and attentive listener to the daily conversations of barristers, or even a sciolist in the law. He finds Shakespeare in perfect possession of the most abstruse peculiarities of the common law, and pressing them with discrimination into "a disciplined service." He finds him using with freedom not only legal terms, but the ideas and forms of expression which are peculiar to lawyers, and employing them in their finer shades of meaning, for occult purposes; taking them "as standards of comparison with things which nothing but his own despotic imagination could have brought into relevancy." In many instances, the delicate meanings which Mr. Davis expounds will be appreciated most fully by the well-informed lawyer. Sometimes they will be understood by no one else, unless with elaborate explanation. Indeed, it will often be necessary for the well-informed lawyer to make an especial study of the law and the statutes of Shakespeare's time, if he would enter fully into the intricacy of his allusions. In Henry VIII, Mr. Davis finds the legal features of the trial of the queen and the deposition of Wolsey illustrated with a "per-

fect juridical accuracy," such as he fails to find in any of the historians, with all their advantages of access to abundant authorities. Lord Campbell named fourteen of the dramas in which he could "find nothing that fairly bears upon the controversy," in several of which (Henry VIII being one) Mr. Davis finds valuable illustrations. Shakespeare was a master in the law; but he was kept out of the courts, and lifted above the drudgery of the profession, by that overpowering imagination which made him the first of poets.

As might be expected, such researches as these of Mr. Davis throw light upon the so-called Baconian theory. No earlier commentator, even among those bred to the law, has examined this question more closely than has he. Perhaps no one of them is less inclined than he to take anything for granted, or more ready to demand of every theory its credentials. It may suffice to state here the conclusions he reaches, after a keen professional scrutiny of the evidences found in what is patent concerning the mental characteristics, as well as the published writings, of Shakespeare and Bacon. These two were contemporaries in the age which witnessed the memorable struggle for power and supremacy between the English systems of law and equity. Shakespeare, in all his use of legal terms, his references to legal process, his exposition of legal principles, and his employment of what may be called the lawyer's ideas and forms of thought, speaks always as a common-law lawyer of the strictest school, the school of the sturdy Coke. Though writing at the time of the growth and expansion of the chancery jurisdiction, when its forms, process and verbiage were becoming familiar, and when the erudite Bacon was assisting in formulating its distinguishing principles, the dramatist is never observed to be the devotee or exponent of the chancery system or practice.

JAMES O. PIERCE.

THE BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA.*

It is less than a year since the present writer had the pleasant duty of calling attention to the admirable work on "New England Bird-Life," nominally edited, but in reality written, by the esteemed ornithologist, Dr. Elliott Coues. Again a similar and even more agreeable duty is imposed by the presentation of the "Key to

*KEY TO NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS. Containing a Concise Account of Every Species of Living and Fossil Bird at Present Known, from the Continent North of the Mexican and United States Boundary, inclusive of Greenland. Second edition. Revised to date and entirely rewritten. With which are incorporated General Ornithology: An Outline of the Structure and Classification of Birds; and Field Ornithology, a Manual of Collecting, Preparing, and Preserving Birds. By Elliott Coues, M.A., M.D., Ph.D. Illustrated. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

North American Birds," from the same fruitful hand. The volume is announced on the title-page as a second edition of the "Key" published by Dr. Coues twelve years ago; but it is virtually a new structure, built on the foundations laid in the earlier book. We recognize the ground plan, we perceive that the old central idea is retained, and we discover the stamp of the master mind in every part; but it is so enlarged and improved, and so wholly re-composed, that to speak of it as a revision or amendment solely is to do it great injustice. It is a fresh creation, and a monument of genius and industry.

The more we examine the work the more we are impressed with the prodigies of labor and thought which have been accomplished in its production. Into it are compressed over twenty years of study—of study of bird-life in every portion of the country, in the mountains, the forests, the fields, in marshes, by the waterside, in the desert and in populous places, in all seasons of the year, all varieties of weather, and all times of day; of study in the closet with specimens and instruments in hand, dissecting, classifying, comparing, and with books and authors treating the same and collateral subjects and chronicling the results of the world's previous research. And this study has not only been wisely ordered and incessantly pursued, it has also been inspired and enlightened by a high degree of talent.

There is an order of patient plodders whose work is of a valuable kind. They burrow among facts, they gather materials, they make possible the construction of sciences, systems, and theories, and may themselves be effective organizers as well as explorers. There is another class of enthusiasts and seers, who work with an energy which we may call divine, it is so fervent and absorbing, and so sustained and illuminated by an inward faith and courage; and these are the discoverers, the inventors, who give life, beauty, practicality, and immortality, to the things they touch, to the thoughts which occupy their minds. There is a third and rarer kind of men who combine the dominant traits of the other two, who are plodders and systematizers and originators at the same time. Of this latter sort is Dr. Coues—a poet-naturalist, at once patient, persistent, and exact in investigation, calm in judgment, inexorable in self-restraint, and yet possessed of the fine instincts and the impassioned impulses belonging to the artistic temperament. His numerous and various writings attest this, and none more emphatically than the treatise just published.

The purpose of the *Key* is, as Dr. Coues states it, "to enable one to identify and label his specimens, though he might have no other knowledge of ornithology than such as the

book itself gave him." What further knowledge of the science one would need as a preparation for a practical and thorough acquaintance with the bird-fauna of North America, the uninitiated are unable to conjecture. The amount that is crowded into the book by a compact and systematic arrangement excites amazement. The work opens with an historical preface which, concisely tracing the progress of American Ornithology, is one of the most useful portions of the book and of interest to the general reader. Dr. Coues divides the period occupied by the growth of this department of knowledge into six epochs. The first of these, the Archaic epoch, comprises the years prior to 1700, during which merely fragmentary notices of the birds of America appeared in books published by colonists and travellers. The Pre-Linnæan epoch covers the term between 1700 and 1758, when Lawson, Catesby, and Edwards were making their important contributions to the natural history of the new world. In the Post-Linnæan epoch, extending from 1758 to 1800, upwards of five hundred nominal species of birds belonging to this continent had become known to observers, and Pennant and Bartram were the distinguished names among American ornithologists. The publication of Bartram's "Travels," freighted with its "unpretending yet almost portentous bird-matter," Dr. Coues regards as the starting-point of a distinctively American school of ornithology. The Wilsonian epoch, limited to the first quarter of the present century, was illustrated by the genius of the "Paisely weaver," the "father of American Ornithology."

"Strange indeed," remarks Dr. Coues, "are the guises of genius, yet stranger its disguises in the epithets by which we attempt to label and pigeon-hole that thing which has no name but its own, no place but its own. Alexander Wilson had genius, and not much of anything else—very little learning, scarcely any money, not many friends, and a paltry share of 'the world's regard' while he lived. But genius brings a message which men must hear, and never tire of hearing; it is the word that comes when the passion that conceives is wedded with the patience that achieves."

The Audubonian epoch carries the century from 1824 to 1853, in which precious years Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte, William Swainson, Thomas Nuttall, and John Audubon, were extending the acquisitions of American ornithology with unprecedented rapidity. The sixth and last epoch, the Bairdian, beginning with 1853, is still unfinished. It is marked by the labors of such eminent naturalists as John Cassin, Dr. T. M. Brewer, Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution, and a host of earnest, scholarly students and observers beyond the possibility of naming. In reviewing the works and the authors that have given character to these several epochs, Dr. Coues has

been discriminating and generous. His acquaintance with the subject surpasses that of any living naturalist. The bibliography of American Ornithology, published by him several years ago, is without a rival of its kind, and entitled the collator to rank as the highest authority in the history of his favorite science.

To enhance the usefulness of the Key, Dr. Cones has incorporated in Part I his manual of "Field Ornithology," which appeared originally in 1874. It contains minute instructions for collecting, preparing, and preserving birds, conveyed in a pleasant colloquial style, and transfused with the author's intense love of nature.

"For myself," he states casually, "the time is past, happily or not, when every bird was an agreeable surprise, for dewdrops do not last all day; but I have never yet walked in the woods without learning something pleasant that I did not know before. I should consider a bird new to science ample reward for a month's steady work; one bird new to a locality would repay a week's search; a day is happily spent that shows me any bird that I never saw alive before. How then can you, with so much before you, keep out of the woods another minute?"

Part II consists of an exhaustive treatise on the classification and structure of birds, occupying 176 pages. It is made clear to the comprehension by simple and explicit language and a free use of pictorial illustration.

Part III, constituting the main body of the Key, is given to a systematic synopsis of North American birds. The arrangement of this part is similar to that adopted in the previous edition, but with great amplification and many amendments. It describes nearly nine hundred species and sub-species, or more than half the number of known birds in the world. The descriptions are more extended than in the former work, introducing notes on the habits of birds which are of great use as clues to their identity. Among other improvements are the location of the specific together with the generic name at the head of each description, the accompanying marks for accent, and account of the derivation and meaning of both terms. The artificial "key to the genera" presented in the old work has been replaced by keys to the orders and families, which are supplemented with analyses of families, sub-families, genera and species.

Altogether, the volume contains about four times the matter included in the original edition, and double the number of illustrations. The effort of the author to perfect the work in every particular has been cordially seconded by the publishers, and the result is a treatise which honors the science of American Ornithology and will be prized as a treasure by every bird-lover. The modest, manly spirit in which Dr. Cones himself regards the book is

expressed in the closing sentences of the preface:

"I wish the work were better than it is, for my reader's sake; I wish the author were better than he is, for my own sake; above all, I wish that every author may rise superior to his best work, to the end that the man himself be judged above his largest achievements. It is well to do great things, but better still to be great."

SARA A. HUBBARD.

GINDELY'S THIRTY YEARS' WAR.*

Some twenty years ago it was rather wittily said of the Schleswig-Holstein question—the international puzzle of that day—that it was thoroughly understood by one man, but unfortunately he died without imparting the secret. The ignorance of humanity in regard to the secrets of the Thirty Years' War has been still more striking; for it is probable that not even one man has thoroughly comprehended the significance of its multitudinous horrors. Nor is this strange. In the seventeenth century that geographical expression vaguely known as Germany, so far from being a government, was scarcely a confederation. It was simply a group of individual powers, several hundred in number, each practically independent even for foreign purposes, each governed by a petty and ambitious ruler, each ready to seize upon every possible means of pushing its fortunes to a better condition, and all presided over by an emperor of whose powers everybody was jealous and whom everybody was therefore predisposed to antagonize whenever the least provocation offered. By far the majority of states were very small; but a few of them were large enough to aspire to the honors of royalty. In the small states there were the petty animosities characteristic of little communities; and in the large ones there were the ambitions that could be satisfied only by rapidly increasing political influence and power.

It was into such a political soil as this that the dragon's teeth of the Reformation had been sown. In the course of the century between the Posting of the Theses and the Throwing from the Window, every community in Germany had come to be divided into two hostile religious camps. The Jesuit reaction had set in, and had already brought back into the Catholic fold a considerable number of those who had wandered from the original faith. The Inquisition was at work in Spain; the troops of Alva were spreading desolation in the Netherlands; the proud leader of the Protestants

*HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR. By Anton Gindely, Professor of German History in the University of Prague. Translated by Andrew Ten Brook, formerly Professor of Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. With an Introductory and a Concluding Chapter by the Translator. In two volumes, with twenty-eight illustrations, and two maps. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

in France had abjured his faith and accepted the mass; the assassination of William the Silent and the massacre of St. Bartholomew had shown the spirit in which the warfare was to be carried on; in short, it was year by year becoming more evident that the new faith was in great peril, and that it could be saved, if at all, only as the result of a long and a bitter contest. When to these conditions is added the fact that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there was scarcely more thought of tolerating heresy than there was of tolerating arson, the true nature of the situation begins to be revealed. In every German city and in every German village, the religious animosities had been fed by the news from Spain, France, and from Holland. When the war came on, therefore, all classes were prepared for a life-and-death struggle; and the contest became one, not simply between individual states or even between geographical sections of states, but between opposing factions of the same town, the same neighborhood, and even the same family.

Under these conditions it was but natural that the war should be largely one of diplomacy. As soon as the contest was made inevitable, the elements began to crystallize about the various political magnets. The local troops were in command of local rulers who often showed that they were influenced quite as much by political ambition as by religious zeal. The army of the Catholic League was independent of the Emperor, and the Imperial army was independent of the League. The troops of the Protestant Union were subordinate to no other than their own commander. The real struggle, therefore, was the diplomatic contest which brought the forces into position. And this is the reason why the war has been so difficult to understand. The considerations which led to many of the important decisions of the period could only be revealed to a studious inspection of the correspondence of the day. When it is remembered that every German state, however petty in itself, has its archives, and that every German castle has its muniment room in which the secrets of centuries are preserved, the magnitude of the task of examination appears in its true light.

It is now more than thirty years since Anton Gindely began his preliminary studies of the early years of the seventeenth century. As the fruits of these researches, he had already published eight volumes, before he yielded to the persuasions of his publishers to prepare the more popular work of which a translation is now placed before the reader of English. The larger work is a book for historians. It gives with painstaking minuteness the sources of the author's information. In the preface

to one of the volumes, he tells his readers that in its preparation he was obliged to consult not only all published authorities but also between five and six thousand manuscripts never before made use of by the historical student. In the very nature of the case, such a work would not satisfy any popular demand. The latest volume of his great work brings the history down only to 1623, when no more than five of the thirty years of the war were past. The investigations, however, have been completed so far as to enable the author to arrive at confident conclusions in regard to all of the more important events of the war. The three volumes of which the translation is now given to the public, are a popular presentation of the results of his studies. In the preface the author asks his readers to take many of his statements on the simple authority of his word, at the same time giving the promise that the proofs will be forthcoming in the larger work. The first volume, he tells us, follows closely in the track of his previous publications; the second and third depend chiefly upon investigations the results of which he has not previously given to the public. That the work has met with great favor in Germany, is evinced by the fact that twenty thousand copies have been sold in the brief period since its publication.

It is difficult to designate the portions of these worthy volumes that will generally be regarded as the most valuable. The account of the complications at the beginning of the war in Bohemia leaves no doubt that the author is right in regarding the contest as one of diplomacy. Negotiations of the most delicate nature had to be carried on with Savoy, with Hungary, and with Saxony, as well as with the larger and indeed the still smaller states. The moment a war was inevitable, all the furies of the age seemed to be set loose. A fraudulent proceeding on the part of the Catholics was answered by physical violence on the part of the Protestants. A conspiracy, which, as Gindely shows, grew up in the minds of a few Protestant leaders, culminated in the seizing of the Imperial Regents and the hurling of them from a window eighty feet from the ground. Though this deed was at the very beginning of the war, and was, as it was designed to be by the Protestant leaders, the occasion of an irreconcilable break between the two parties, it was only one of a long succession of violent acts. But it is entitled to this distinction. It was a deliberate outrage, concocted by the leaders of the party in rebellion, and inflicted upon the leaders of the party in power. It would have been strange indeed if this act, which might be called one of official atrocity, had not stirred all the fountains of hatred to the very bottom.

It was a sowing of the wind that was followed by a bounteous harvest of whirlwinds and tornadoes. If in the course of the war the Catholics were the most ingenious and the most persistent in their atrocities, the Protestants are entitled to the distinction of being the originators of the system.

The author makes it clear that in the early negotiations the Catholics were more successful. Their envoys were the more skilful, and their armies were brought into the field in the better condition. After the first important battle of the war, the cause of the Protestants seemed hopelessly lost. And as one reads Gindely's account, one finds it hard to resist the impression that a wise course on the part of the Imperial Government would have brought the war to an immediate close. The Protestants were prostrate. A vigorous and firm policy, inspired by wise statesmanship rather than by religious animosity, would at least have enabled the government to secure a stronger authority than was ever afterwards possible. But the Catholics now made the same mistake that the Protestants had made in the "Throwing from the Window." They put themselves so clearly in the wrong by their violent policy of murder and rapine that a reaction set in and the whole Protestant world was aroused against them.

The most interesting if not the most valuable parts of these volumes are those relating to the careers of Waldstein and Gustavus Adolphus. The one appears to have been the product of the worst elements of the time, the other of the best. Waldstein (so Gindely tells us he always spelled his name) at the first was actuated, so far as we can perceive, simply by motives of a vulgar avarice. He betrayed no religious zeal, and he showed no exceptional gifts as a commander. But the estates of his family had become involved, and the turbulent condition of the times gave him the opportunity he coveted. By a judicious marriage he procured money, and by a judicious use of his money he commanded influence and finally power. When he was allowed to enlist his army, he had shown no signs of exceptional military ability; indeed, he had never yet been in command of any force larger than a regiment. But he was a consummate master of the low arts of popularity. In a few months he was at the head of an ill organized rabble of fifty thousand men. Its business was primarily plunder, secondarily war. The soldiers took with them their wives and children. Gindely tells us that the number of women following a regiment was nearly equal to that of the men in it. The wives of the soldiers washed, cooked, and performed in general all kinds of service for their husbands, dragged along in the march their children and all those utensils which could not be taken

upon baggage wagons, and took part in plundering the peasants and burghers by the way. At a later day, the number of camp-followers was increased beyond all belief by the multiplication of children, so that in the last years of the war the numbers in the camp must be placed at three or four times that of the combatants. The cruelties practiced are thus described:

"They would unscrew the flint of a pistol and screw up the thumb of the unfortunate victim in its place; they would skin the bottom of the foot, sprinkle salt in the fresh wound, and then make a goat lick the salt off; they would pass a horsehair through the tongue, and draw it slowly up and down; they would bind about the forehead a knotted rope, and draw it constantly tighter with a lever. If an oven was at hand, they would force their victim into it, kindle a fire in the front of it, and compel him to creep through the fire. They often bored holes in the knee-pans of those whom they would torment, or poured disgusting fluids down their throats. To these thousand-fold torments were added, in the case of matrons and maidens, the basest outrages. No woman was secure against the beastly violence of the soldier, and nothing but flight or defence could in some instances save them. When the robbers had, by torture, compelled the surrender of hidden treasures, when their lust of plunder was satisfied, and their inhuman desires quieted, they completed the proof of their vandalism by destroying that which they could not carry off."

It was methods of indiscriminate violence such as these that finally led Catholics as well as Protestants to demand of the Emperor Waldstein's dismissal. But his disgrace carried with it the disorganization of his army and the consequent peril of the Catholic cause. The successes of Gustavus Adolphus soon forced the Emperor to recall the very commander whom most of all he distrusted and feared but whom at the same time he could not do without. Waldstein's recall of course made him more dangerous than ever.

Space will not permit any detailed account of the imperial greatness of the Swedish King. It is perhaps enough to say that no one can read Gindely's pages without seeing the evidence of a clearness of perception, and a comprehensiveness of grasp that entitle him to rank with the greatest statesmen of the time. It is doubtful whether there is anything in the careers of either Cromwell or Richelieu more worthy of admiration than the skill with which Gustavus brought the Protestant forces into line after the sack of Magdeburg. Gindely makes it clear that Magdeburg was burned by the Protestants in order that the victorious army of Tilly might find nothing to gratify their desire for plunder; and he skilfully calls attention to the fact that in all the papers of the Swedish King, no charge is found that the burning was done by the Imperial soldiers. The integrity and the moderation of the King are in striking contrast with the customs of the time.

It is a pleasure to conclude by saying that the outward appearance of these volumes is worthy of their intrinsic merits. As specimens of book-making, they are entitled to special note; for it is doubtful whether two handsomer volumes have ever emanated from an American press. Indeed, it would not be easy to suggest how the form, the paper, the type, the press-work, the covers, could have been changed for the better. The translation is excellent. Though the version is generally very literal, it is not often marred with forms of expression that suggest the German. A censorious critic would not find it impossible to discover sentences that might be improved; but the merits are so many and the faults so few that one shrinks from uttering any other words than those of commendation. The translation of a great historical work from the German is a laborious and often a thankless task; but when, as in the handsome volumes before us, the work is skilfully performed, it is entitled to grateful recognition.

CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.

RECENT FICTION.*

The summer season has brought with it the regular supply of new novels, and, as far as numbers and variety can do so, they make up for the almost uniform lack of anything noteworthy or of permanent value. Still, their production is the best possible evidence of the demand for them, and the names of their writers

* THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS UPMORE, BART., M.P., FORMERLY KNOWN AS TOMMY UPMORE. By R. D. Blackmore. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE GIANT'S ROBE. By F. Anstey. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PRINCESS NAPRAXINE; A NOVEL. By Ouida. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE USURPER; AN EPISODE IN JAPANESE HISTORY. By Judith Gautier. Translated from the French, by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A ROMAN SINGER. By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE FATE OF MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS; WITH THE EPISODE OF MR. WASHINGTON ADAMS IN ENGLAND, AND AN APOLOGY. By Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ARCHIBALD MALMAISON. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

FORTUNE'S FOOL. By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

A COUNTRY DOCTOR. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

TINKLING CYMBALS. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

STAGE-STRUCK; OR, SHE WOULD BE AN OPERA-SINGER. By Blanche Roosevelt. New York: Ford, Howard & Hulbert.

THE SAN ROSARIO RANCH. By Maud Howe. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE CRIME OF HENRY VANE. By J. S. of Dale. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN AVERAGE MAN. By Robert Grant. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE FORTUNES OF RACHEL. By Edward Everett Hale. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

THE LADY, OR THE TIGER? By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

represent, in one way and another, a good deal of attractiveness for the minds of large reading constituencies. Such names as those of Blackmore and Ouida, to take extreme cases, among English novelists, and of Crawford and Julian Hawthorne, of Miss Jewett and Mr. Fawcett, among American ones, are familiar to all vacation idlers; and all these names, as well as many others, are to be found upon the title-pages of the new books now at hand. The object of the present article has been to select from the large number of novels lately issued those most deserving of mention, and to devote a few words to the characterization of each.

Mr. Blackmore is probably the best living writer of English fiction; and a new work from his pen, even if it add little to his fame, has an undoubted right to the first place in our list. When "Clara Vaughan" appeared it was clear to all discerning eyes that, in spite of its strongly sensational character, it was the work of a writer of unusual power. The impression then made was, of course, greatly strengthened when that work was followed by such others as "Mary Anerley" and "Alice Lorraine," and the judgment then impelled was confirmed by such masterpieces as "The Maid of Sker" and "Lorna Doone." The latter work became a classic in much less time than is usually required for the elevation of any work to classic rank; and two or three of the other novels cannot be placed far below it, if they are not allowed to share the same level. The writer of these stories is hard to classify. His most obvious quality is that of the humorist, and in this respect he is frequently suggestive of Dickens. In his constructive power, and often in his characterization, he recalls the same novelist. On the other hand, he has nothing of the pathos which is quite the divinest quality of that master of human smiles and tears. He can, if need be, give us a chapter of history worthy of Scott, or a dramatic description of the play of natural forces—of storm and sea, of wind and heaven—equal to anything of similar character in Black. That which is all his own is his style, with its inimitable quaintness and its rhythmic sonorous surge; with its power to adapt itself to the moods of all things animate and inanimate; with its instinctive refinement indicative at once of a widely sympathetic and a highly cultured mind. "The Remarkable History of Sir Thomas Upmore, Bart. M.P., formerly known as Tommy Upmore," is the most eccentric production of Mr. Blackmore's frequently eccentric genius. Tommy Upmore has a singular power, which is vulgarly spoken of as the power of flying, but which is rather the power to lift himself up from the ground under the stimulus of

unusual mental exhilaration or strong indignation, and to sustain himself in the air as long as his elation lasts. This power, although displayed on but a few occasions, makes him an object of wonderment on the part of the ignorant and of great interest on the part of the scientific world, and in the climax of the narrative enables him, when a member of the House of Commons, to perform the extraordinary feat of soaring to the roof of the hall of Parliament, from which position he metaphorically obtains the floor and sings a patriotic song, thereby so influencing the minds of the amazed legislators who behold him, that they are withheld from adopting a measure upon which they had become practically decided, and which they would have felt, in more sober moments, to be a disgrace to themselves and to the country! This book, if far from equal to Mr. Blackmore's best work, has most of his peculiar qualities; and we can forgive the absurdity of the fundamental conception on account of the charming way in which it is worked out. The chief fault of the book is the rather unpleasant spirit in which some of the methods of modern science are satirized, and the violent antagonism which is exhibited towards certain of the most noble results of the spirit of reform in English government.

After the success of "Vice-Versa," it was natural that we should soon hear again from Mr. Anstey. His new novel is called "The Giant's Robe," and to those who anticipated something in the original vein of the earlier work, it will be a disappointment. It is a very commonplace story of a very commonplace villain, the "giant's robe" being a robe of deception worn by the principal character, who is an aspirant for literary fame without abilities to match the fame he would like to acquire. Failing in securing the publication of his own novels, he represents himself as the author of one written by a friend, and confided to his care upon this friend's departure from England. Report comes of the death at sea of the real writer, and his surviving friend represents the manuscript as his own and gets much fame thereby. On the strength of this he wins the love of the woman whom his lost friend had loved, and they are married. But the lost friend turns up, and the "giant's robe," which had been hard enough to wear before, becomes intolerable. With rare self-abnegation, the injured man seeks to shield from sorrow the woman he has loved, by keeping secret the perfidy of her husband; but his efforts are in vain, and the wretch stands exposed in all the meanness of his nature. There is a certain, although very general, similarity between the main action of this story and that of Ouida's "Wanda." Different as are all the details and circum-

stances of the two stories, this similarity cannot fail to suggest itself to one acquainted with them both. In execution there is a vast difference, the present work being essentially commonplace, showing ingenuity without a spark of genius; while, whatever the faults of Ouida, no one would ever dream of calling her commonplace, and few would deny the existence of some slight trace of genius in her composition.

The characteristics of Ouida's novels are so well known, that little instruction can be gained from examination or analysis of another of them. "Princess Napraxine" is like its predecessors. It has the same great faults—faults which have become so much of a habit with the writer as to make it now impossible that she should ever learn to avoid them. It has the same gorgeous machinery, and handles all philosophies and histories and societies in the same easy, careless way. The same old recklessness of expression characterizes it, and the same kind of figures stand for men and women in its pages. Judged comparatively, it is an inferior production. It is hardly better than the weakest of her earlier novels.

It is refreshing to turn from the wearisome variations upon a few threadbare themes that are alone afforded by most of our new novels, to such a piece of genuine romance as we may find in "The Usurper." This is a translation from the French of Mlle. Judith Gautier, who seems to inherit no little of her father's taste, and perhaps something of his genius. The story is founded upon an episode of Japanese history from the early part of the seventeenth century, and deals with the civil war stirred up by the Regent, who refuses to resign the power upon the majority of the Shōgun. But it is not of "fierce wars" alone that we read; "faithful loves" occupy no less a share of our attention. Altogether, it is delightful reading; and those who know and love Théophile Gautier will find in this book many touches that recall the work of the master-hand that penned "Le Roman de la Momie" and "Une Nuit de Cléopâtre." How the artist-soul of that sovereign master of beauty would have caught inspiration from such a theme, the reader of those books may easily imagine; and to say that the work of Mlle. Gautier is done in such a way as to be suggestive of her father, is the highest praise that could be given it. For absolute artistic merit, it is probably the most remarkable book of the season. The translation is but indifferent; neither very good nor very bad.

No other of the American novelists who are now enjoying a well-deserved popularity has met with such immediate and wide-spread recognition as Mr. Crawford. His success in this respect is doubtless due to the fact that his facile pen has enabled him to live up to the reputation

so quickly gained by his first volume, and to produce in such rapid succession his three subsequent ones, each of them introducing his readers to scenes and situations so different from those previously made familiar as to do much credit to the fertility of his invention. "A Roman Singer," which is the fourth, and at the date of this writing the last, of his novels, is already familiar to that large class of readers who do not scorn the mild satisfaction of perusing a work of fiction in the monthly instalments by whose means the publishers of a periodical contrive to secure to that which should properly engage the attention for a few consecutive hours an interrupted and languid hold upon the mind for six months or a year. Since a large portion of this story had already appeared at the time when "To Leeward" was published, that novel must be regarded as at least contemporary with the present one; and we should be inclined, on the whole, to assign to its conception, if not to its final elaboration, the later date of the two. At all events, "To Leeward" contains the best work which Mr. Crawford has yet given us; it shows more restraint — of which our writer has much need — and it contains as well the nearest approach to genuine characterization that is to be found in any of his novels. For it must be confessed that, interesting as these stories are, they contain little genuine portrayal of character. Their interest lies rather in their local coloring and descriptive charm, in their terse and suggestive reflections, and, above all, in their presentation of novel and eccentric persons and scenes. One of the best things in the "Roman Singer" is the picture of the Jew, Ahasuerus Benoni, whose singular individuality has much life and vigor surrounded by that atmosphere of mystery with which Mr. Crawford can so skilfully invest such an image. The other persons who figure in the story are colorless enough, and yet the narrative is so well framed that this defect is not as noticeable for the moment as it comes to be after reflection. The story, as a whole, is a very uneven one; the episode of the baroness, for example, is in the worst possible taste. In assigning to his chief character the rôle of a Joseph, although but temporarily, the writer has been anything but happy. On the other hand, the midnight scene in the Pantheon is gracefully conceived and executed; the old Count with his German constructions is sufficiently amusing; and the garrulous but unpedantic professor who plays the part of narrator gives a delightful setting to the whole. Mr. Crawford can, if he will, do better work than any he has yet done; of this, detached scenes and special phases furnish abundant evidence. But to do the best that is in him, he must write less rapidly and more

thoughtfully than he has yet chosen to do. A "fatal facility" is likely to prove his worst enemy.

It is so unwonted a thing for Mr. Richard Grant White to assume the rôle of novelist, that "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys" is a book to be read with unusual interest. It does not take us by surprise, however, as it has been previously published in parts, and thus made familiar to the readers of the "Atlantic Monthly." Moreover, the novel-form turns out to be a very transparent disguise, beneath which Mr. White rides one of his favorite hobbies — that of the absurdity of many of the distinctions popularly made between Americans and Englishmen. The book is made up of discussion, with just a thread of narrative, and enough of sentiment to keep the narrative going. The following passage will illustrate the key in which this sentiment is pitched: "No strong-bodied, strong-brained man pines for any woman." What there is of a story is told in a straightforward, business-like manner. In all that Mr. White has written upon this subject, he has evinced a fairness in his judgments of American life that is as rare as it is desirable. It is a better patriotism that is shown by such honest criticism as this, than by any amount of vaunting assertion, intolerant of rebuke. And, what is most important of all, Mr. White does not lose sight of the fact that the best part and the best characteristics of our nation are essentially English, and are always likely to be. The story is furnished with an appendix which is called an "Apology," and which is a discussion of criticisms inspired by the chapters of the book upon their successive appearance, and of notable foreign criticisms upon American life. It is always a pleasure to read a book written in the English language as used by Mr. Richard Grant White.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in his capacity as the son of his father, seems to feel it incumbent upon himself to write an occasional ghost-story, or at least a story in which the mysterious shall be the chief element, in order to keep up the family tradition. But it cannot be said that in his affectation of the weird and unnatural he has followed very closely in the footsteps of the elder and infinitely greater writer of romance to whom he owes both his origin and the inspiration of such tales as "Archibald Malmaison." The person whose name forms the title of his latest story has the singular habit of being "two gentlemen in one." He continues in one phase of his existence for seven years, when he abruptly assumes the other, in which he remains for a like period. He continues thus to alternate between himself and his other self, for some thirty-five years; and, as in the first, third, and fifth of

these septennial periods he is an idiot, and in the others a person not only sane but of quite remarkable intelligence, many unpleasant complications arise, resulting in so much mischief that it is perhaps fortunate that his career is no less brief.

The story, however, is brief enough—something which may not be said of "Fortune's Fool," which has just made its appearance and is by the same author. It is evidently the aim of this story to be interesting; and in this it is successful, but only as stories of a low class and by much inferior writers are interesting to those who care to read them. The acceptance of the plot and characters of this novel is the severest tax which the writer has yet imposed upon the credulity of his readers—and his sins in that direction are not slight. The plot is so intricate that it is useless to attempt to make a brief statement of it; and those who enact the parts are equally beyond concise positive characterization. They admit, however, of being negatively characterized in a very definite manner. They are what the French call impossible. Such a melodramatic tissue of absurd scenes and actors is unworthy of Mr. Hawthorne. With his real talent for novel-writing, and his highly developed and individual style, he might do valuable work, but not at the present rate of production.

"A Country Doctor," by Sarah Orne Jewett, is one of the most satisfactory books of the season. The writer has not attempted to do more than lay fully within her power; and consequently has done most admirably a work for which her many studies and sketches of New England provincial life have so well fitted her. Upon its own plane and within its own limits the execution is almost perfect. Here we may find close and accurate observation, delicacy of touch, genuine discrimination, firm and sympathetic grasp of character, and instinctive refinement. The story, as we might naturally expect from the nature of the writer's previous work, is simplicity itself; but the fascination of its manner is such as to leave no desire for any greater intricacy of plot. Indeed, anything more intricate would not be in harmony either with the style or the type of life which it presents. It belongs to the class of novels with a purpose—the purpose in the present case being to serve as a plea for the adoption of the medical profession by women; and this purpose becomes just a little obtrusive towards the end of the story—a very little indeed, but enough so to slightly detract from the value of what would otherwise be a faultless piece of work. At all events, the choicest part of the book is the earlier half, in which this purpose is as yet hardly foreshadowed, and which portrays the childhood and early

youth of the heroine in a way of which the full charm can only be felt upon such a careful and lingering perusal as the book well deserves.

In striking contrast to such a work as this is a new story by Edgar Fawcett, a writer in whose work we shall look in vain for instinctive refinement. Mr. Fawcett's strong hold is supposed to be his power of depicting New York fashionable society; and we suppose that there is some degree of truth in the picture which he paints in such firm, hard colors. But in "Tinkling Cymbals," as in his other extended novel, he expects us to sympathize with the sufferings of the woman for whom so hateful a phase of life as this with which he acquaints us has paramount attractions, and who, in spite of the elevating influence of refined associations surrounding her from childhood, can be so fascinated by its baleful glare as to prefer it to the better things at hand, and can let her infatuation lead her so far that she can only retreat with the best part of her life shattered beyond restoration. We cannot altogether sympathize with one for whom such vulgar ideals can be so much for so long. If we pity, we must also condemn; and with the condemnation the pity loses much of its meaning. Mr. Fawcett has, what so many of our other novelists have, a fairly good style; and with him, as with these others, it has to cover a multitude of sins, both in conception and execution.

In "Stage-Struck, or, She would be an Opera-Singer," by Blanche Roosevelt, we have another novel with a purpose, and a purpose of the most obtrusive kind. It is frankly stated in the preface and enforced in every one of the five hundred pages of the narrative. The object of the book is to warn American girls who are ambitious of success upon the lyric stage against the mistake, so often committed, of rashly rushing to Europe, without counting the cost or reckoning upon the obstacles, for the purpose of obtaining what fashion and prejudice have too much insisted upon as the only adequate instruction and preparation for such a career. The motive of the book is a praiseworthy one, and the writer has shown the difficulties and dangers of such a course, to say nothing of the petty discomforts and disagreeable associations forced upon the one who adopts it, with an unsparing pen. The motive which has impelled the book has been so strong with the writer that her picture is painted in very dark colors—darker, perhaps, than a strict regard for a just presentation of the subject will warrant; for such a life, with all its trials, has also its compensations, and these are largely ignored. The story is mixed up with a good deal of clever

satire upon foreign musical instruction and its methods, and the musical slang which makes up so large a portion of the dialogue becomes very wearisome. It may be questioned if the writer has done wisely in selecting the novel-form for her sermon. With her wide and accurate knowledge of the kind of life she writes about, it would seem as if an account of it, not placed under the guise of fiction, might have served her purpose equally well; and such an account would not have been the offence to art that this book undoubtedly is. And it must be added, that the execution of the work is such as to give no countenance to any claim to literary merit that may be made for it. The only pretensions which it may with justice make, must be based upon the force with which its warning is given, and the earnestness which inspires it.

The light of life, reflected from many books in succession, becomes feeble and of uncertain quality. Too many novels derive their inspiration from books rather than from life itself; and first novels are almost sure to do so. "The San Rosario Ranch" is a first novel, and is written by Maud Howe. It tells the story of the love of Millicent Almsford and John Graham. Millicent is an heiress who has lived in Italy all her life, and at the age of twenty-one comes to pass a few months upon a ranch in Southern California. She is an "agnostic," with a "strange, white, luminous face." "Her body was like a screen through which shone a flame, at times white and gentle, again rosy and passionate." John Graham is "exceedingly beautiful;" he is an artist of great fame, who lives alone in a romantic tower, and who never calls Millicent "Miss Almsford," but "nymph" or "maiden from afar." She saves him from drowning, and he saves her from rattlesnakes. He wins her love, and then concludes that this love will interfere with his whole-souled devotion to art. In her despair, she goes back to Venice, and dies of grief; while he again changes his mind, just in time to receive the news of her death. This book is not unpromising, but it has grave faults. It does not come down to the actualities of life, being a product of much reading rather than of much observation. The style has an exuberance suggestive of Ouida. In the rattlesnake episode, there is a ludicrous mistake by which we are led to suppose that it is the tongue of a serpent that inflicts the wound. The one utterly inexcusable thing about the book is the attempt to heighten the mystery of Millicent's personality by ascribing to her absurdly impossible powers of the kind invented by a miserable charlatanism to impose upon the credulous, and called clairvoyant or magnetic powers. Such rubbish is badly

out of place in a book which is unreal enough without it. But while such things as this call for judgments which must be harsh, there is much in this book that may be productive of pleasure in the reader. There is some fresh out-door life, some good description, and considerable of praiseworthy feeling and refined suggestion. These things do not suffice to make a work of art, but they are good things in themselves for all that.

The author of "Guerndale" is worthy of respectful attention, whatever he may write; and his latest work, "The Crime of Henry Vane," although a slight performance, is a well-written and in some degree an impressive story, with a very old theme—that of the disappointed lover who takes refuge in self-destruction; for this is the only crime of which he is guilty. It is to be regretted, however, that it should come after "Guerndale," for we have a right to expect better work of the writer of that romance than any which is here contained.

The writer of the "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl" has now come forward with a full-fledged novel after the most approved American school. The story is that of "An Average Man," and Mr. Grant may perhaps be styled an average writer of this school. The average reader will consequently be likely to find the story to his taste, if he has not already read it in fragments, for it is reprinted from "The Century." Mr. Grant writes in a way that is suggestive of Mr. James, but he has a more straightforward manner of telling a story than the latter gentleman, and not, on the whole, as effective a manner. The present narrative is the merest trifle, as far as any question of permanent value is concerned, but it may prove an interesting companion to one who is in a trifling mood.

Mr. Edward Everett Hale knew how to write excellent stories some years ago, but he seems to have lost the art, if we may base our judgment upon "The Fortunes of Rachel," now published in "The Standard Library." It would be difficult to find anything more commonplace, or utterly lacking in attractiveness of any sort, than this story. Perhaps, however, it is not intended to be literature at all, but a Sunday-school book. This suspicion receives some countenance from the company into which it is thrown in the "library" of which it is an issue.

A volume including a dozen of Mr. Frank Stockton's ingeniously absurd stories and sketches, contributed at different times to the magazines, is published under the title of one of the best-known of them: "The Lady, or the Tiger?" For the idlest of idle hours, such stories as this, or the "Transferred Ghost" or the "Spectral Mortgage," furnish delightful

reading; at any other time, they would hardly succeed in compelling attention.

There is a passage in one of the novels of which mention has just been made, which may serve as a sort of commentary upon the representative American fiction of the present day. It betrays "an ignorance of all that is highest in life, a calm, self-satisfied acceptance of a petty standard." So long as fiction is felt by a large majority of persons to be nothing more than a means of amusement, just so long will it present these as its main characteristics. But surely this art has been ennobled by so many great names, that we have some right to expect both a better product and a better estimate of the value of this department of literature. The most approved writing now done in this kind in this country makes little approximation to any sort of greatness. It has merits, to be sure, and the great positive merit of style; but it has no largeness of grasp, and even its vision is contracted. It is excellent as a beginning, but excellent only as such.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

THE chief value of the volume bearing the title of "The Woman Question in Europe" (Putnam) lies in its very complete and authentic presentation, in a series of comprehensive essays, of the status of woman from a social, political, legal, educational, industrial, and moral point of view, in the various nations of Europe at the present moment. It will be at once acknowledged that a body of materials containing this stock of information, properly arranged and digested, must possess no little interest and significance. The essays have, with one accidental exception, been written at the solicitation of the editor, Mr. Theodore Stanton, by women whose intellectual ability and activity have rendered them in a broad sense fitting representatives of their sex. The papers are all fresh, having been prepared expressly for their present use, and are uniformly clear, concise, and coherent. In the exposition of the subject, sixteen of the states of Europe are accorded separate chapters; but the little that was to be said of the advance of elevated ideas of womanhood in Turkey, Greece, and Bulgaria, is included in a single final section entitled "The Orient." England occupies relatively the largest amount of space, with five essays treating respectively the women's suffrage, educational, and industrial movements, and women in medicine and as philanthropists. Mrs. Fawcett, the distinguished writer on political economy, and the wife of the present postmaster-general of England, furnishes the first of these essays; while her countrywoman and an author of equal fame, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, has provided a general introduction to the volume. Mrs. Fawcett ascribes the origin of the movement which is creating and extending so immense a revolution in the condition of women, and consequently of the order of society, to the publication in 1792 of that much contemned work by Mary Wollstonecraft,

the "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." Next to this brave and independent advocate of woman's freedom, Mrs. Fawcett awards credit to Sidney Smith, to Shelley, and to John Stuart Mill, for initial impulses which gave the agitation force and progress. It will be a surprise to those not specially informed on the subject, to learn from this and the succeeding essays how much more favored is the position of women in the United States than in the most enlightened portions of Europe. The general fact has been well understood, but the particular circumstances on which the fact rests have never before been so plainly set forth. It was an Englishwoman who opened to her sex the doors of the medical schools of America; and yet to this day neither Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell nor any of the capable women who have followed her in the study of medicine are allowed membership in the medical societies of Great Britain, nor can a woman obtain admission to one of the medical colleges in the kingdom, except that which has been founded and is sustained exclusively for women. It is a surprise, too, to meet in different essays the statement that—as Dora D'Istria repeats it—"in the greatest of the Slavonic states, in Russia, woman has secured a body of rights which she does not yet enjoy in any other Christian nation." Elizabeth Blackwell was the first woman to secure equal privileges with men in the study of medicine, but Nadieida Souslova, a native of Russia, was the second. She passed a brilliant examination at Zurich, and has since built up a large practice in St. Petersburg. Russian women, married or single, may hold property in their own right, and when so doing are qualified as electors, although their votes are deposited by some male representative, and they are at the same time eligible to office in the municipal and county assemblies, which are democratic institutions administering local government. All the greater and nearly all the minor Russian universities are open to women; still the facilities for the education of girls are by no means equal to those afforded in our own country. Mr. Stanton has exercised great care to ensure fulness and accuracy in the matter embodied in his book. A biographical sketch of each collaborator prefaces her contribution, copious foot-notes add to the data contained in the essays, and an index affords convenient reference to the entire contents of the work.

WHY should not more people keep a journal and note down observations and reflections as well worth reading as those taken from the diaries of Henry D. Thoreau? Somebody has said that the autobiography of any person truthfully written out would be full of interest and instruction. There are momentous incidents in the life of each human being, experiences which are the turning-points of destiny, and, though often giving little or no sign outwardly of their tragical influence, decide the soul's destiny perhaps forever. Were this evolution of events but delineated simply and sincerely, what edification might it not yield; how much light throw on the dark problems of existence! It is but to cultivate a habit of walking through the world open-eyed, of seeing the myriad things by the way, little as well as big, that are beautiful and significant, and of pausing long enough to take in the full sense of their import. It would cost no time; it would merely fill what are now vacant moments; and the profit of

it we are able to perceive when reading such records as have been given to us from the journals of Thoreau. A life could scarcely be more restricted or obscure than his. Yet how rich he made it to himself and to an ever widening concourse by the thought constantly enlivening and exalting it. It was his bent to live alone in himself and in Nature. He obeyed the instinct as a law divinely implanted, and thus developed a strong and unique individuality, which, without special or great gifts, is attractive and stimulating. The volume entitled "Early Spring in Massachusetts," which was made up of extracts from Thoreau's diaries, is followed by another compiled in a similar manner and referring exclusively to "Summer." It is the intention of the editor, Mr. H. G. O. Blake, to prepare a series of these books which shall contain a picture of the successive seasons as they appeared to Thoreau. They should certainly continue until the journals are exhausted. The present volume comprises notes dated in the month of June and to the 10th of July, in the years included between 1838 and 1860. They link fresh and vivid sketches of the manifold aspects of Nature, striking reflections and eloquent outbursts of expression, in an uninterrupted chain. Now they tell of "the temples of the mountain covered with lichen;" now of the bobolink "just touching his theorb, his glassichord, his water organ, and one or two notes globe themselves and fall in liquid bubbles from his tuning throat;" and again of the galls on young white oaks, which lead to the remark that "Through our temptations, aye, and our falls, our virtues appear." There is scarcely a dull paragraph in the book or one that does not hold some grain of knowledge or germ of thought. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

A FRESH vein in treatises on foreign countries is struck by Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi, in the book named "At Home in Italy" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The author, an American by birth and loyal in every fibre to her native land, has resided in Italy for a number of years, and writes of it not as a traveller retailing hastily-formed and second-hand opinions, but as one intimately acquainted with the country and the people through long intercourse with them. The purpose of her book is to help her countrymen to a right understanding of Italian habits and customs; hence some of its chapters have a practical and matter-of-fact character. This does not mean that they are dry or commonplace—for Mrs. Bianciardi is a skilful and entertaining narrator—but that they deal largely in details regarding a foreigner's life in Italy, which are not to be found in guide-books or works of travel, but are of use to the stranger desiring to sojourn there for a time. The book strikes one as the product of common sense and cultivated taste. It is evident that the writer is guided by unerring tact in all the situations of life, and aims to convey to her readers some of this fine faculty of adjusting oneself to strange and unexpected circumstances. In speaking of the conduct of Americans abroad, Mrs. Bianciardi takes a position opposed to that assumed by Mr. Henry James, and gently yet firmly reproves him for his persistent disparagement of anything American. "It is not too much to say," she remarks, "that he has greatly retarded any true knowledge and appre-

ciation of America on the part of English people, and therefore impeded the establishment of those cordial relations which right-minded English people, as well as their American cousins, sincerely wish to see established." The dignity and delicacy of spirit shown by her in discussing this topic are worthy of all praise. Mrs. Bianciardi has dwelt in Rome, Florence, and Siena, among other Italian cities, spending summers in villas in the country, and making excursions to places of interest. Portions of the experience gained in this manner are related in chapters complete in themselves yet cohering by a unity of subject.

A SERIES of twelve articles contributed originally to the Paris "Temps" by M. Philippe Daryl, have been reproduced in an English version, under the title of "Public Life in England" (George Routledge & Sons). The articles are brilliant studies of the national character and the ruling institutions of Great Britain, in certain respects more minute and correct than though they had been done by an Englishman. M. Daryl has spent ten years in the British Isles, and to a good purpose in acquainting himself with the literature, the laws, the manners and the customs of the people. He has looked at them without prejudice or prepossession, as one wholly outside of their life and yet a keen, intelligent, and sensible observer of it. He is not the equal of Taine in imagination or eloquence, but he has a more sympathetic understanding of the nation he is describing. He seems less of a foreigner, and consequently is often a better interpreter of the Anglican spirit and conduct. M. Daryl has quick discernment, unbiased judgment, stores of information, vivid sensibilities, and mastery of clear and treuchant forms of expression. In writing of books, the press, the theatre, philosophy, poetry, and the varied machinery of government in England, he compares and contrasts them constantly with those of his own country, thus creating a lively impression of the dominating characteristics of both the French and the English. He does not hesitate to give credit to England for a purer literature and periodical press, and to point out the influence which this regard for dignity and decency in print cannot fail to exert on the morals of a nation. His liberality and candor gain our confidence and his fund of knowledge and abundance of personal anecdote ensure us agreeable and profitable entertainment. England has seldom, if ever, found a more just and generous historian than in this representative of a race obstinately opposed to her for ages from instinct, habit, and tradition.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who recently published an entertaining account of "An American Four-in-Hand in Britain," now presents the record of his travel "Round the World" (Scribners). Mr. Carnegie was a Scotch lad, with a lean purse, a shrewd mind, and a large heart. He came to this country and earned wealth by hard work and judicious investments, and now he uses his means royally in dispensing pleasure among his friends and procuring it for himself in fair measure and by rational methods. His reflections throughout the journey "Round the World" are entertaining, but those with which he closes the volume are worth treasuring. They cover several pages, but a sentence or two will serve as a

sample. "The traveller will not see," he says, "in all his wanderings so much abject, repulsive misery among human beings in the most heathen lands, as that which startles him in his civilized Christian home, for nowhere are the extremes of wealth and poverty so painfully presented. He will learn, too, if he be observant, that very little is required after all to make mankind happy, and that the prizes of life worth contending for are, generally speaking, within reach of the great mass. There is only one source of true blessedness in wealth, and that comes from giving it away for ends that tend to elevate our brothers and enable them to share it with us." Mr. Carnegie is buoyant in spirits and sagely philosophical; hence the affairs of this world look brighter to him than perhaps to the majority of mankind. His cheerful faith is infectious, and therefore we are grateful to him.

THE essay written by Mr. John Morley to accompany the new English edition of Emerson published by Macmillan, has been issued in pamphlet form in this country, and is what its authorship would lead us to expect—a scholarly piece of literary criticism, rather more valuable, on the whole, than Mr. Arnold's recent essay on the same subject. Mr. Morley takes what may be called the middle ground in his estimate of the great writer, on the one hand avoiding those exaggerations of praise which disfigure much that has been written on the subject, and on the other showing a marked appreciation of the value of Emerson's work and its significance with relation to American thought and life. It is upon this relative value of that work that Mr. Morley chiefly insists, although he does not deny it the possession of a large amount of absolute worth in its insight, its sympathies, its "radiant sanity and perfect poise." A new edition of Emerson could not be better heralded than by such a piece of judicious criticism as this essay affords, and readers of Emerson cannot but be helped to a clearer understanding of his work by its perusal.

THE Rev. John Mackenzie's book entitled "Day-Dawn in Dark Places" (Cassell & Company) is a history of mission life and work among the wild tribes in the interior of South Africa. Mr. Mackenzie went from England to his remote field of labor in Bechuanaland in 1857, landing at Cape Town, and reaching his final destination by means of ox-teams which carried him and his little party slowly over a great stretch of wilderness. In the beginning he was a co-laborer with Dr. Moffatt and Dr. Livingstone, and his record is but a rehearsal of the hardships and privations which these devoted men and their families endured in order to convey the gospel to heathen races. The book lacks the qualities demanded by the popular taste, appealing, as it does, almost exclusively to those interested in the annals of missionary work.

THE treatise bearing the name of "The American Horsewoman," by Mrs. Elizabeth Karr, is a model of its kind. Clearly written, methodically arranged, and amply illustrated, it embraces all the instruction and advice that can be needed by ladies desiring to become accomplished equestrians. Although the

training to be acquired in good riding-schools is commended by the writer, it would appear to be superfluous in view of the full and particular information her manual affords. Separate sections in it are given to a discussion of the qualities of a good riding-horse, its paces and accoutrements, to the dress and equipments of the rider, to her seat on horseback, the art of mounting and dismounting, and to the proper management of her steed in all circumstances and exigencies. Mrs. Karr's experience in horsemanship began in her childhood, and has been perfected by long practice and by the best continental teaching. Her book is the first exclusively devoted to the instruction of lady riders which has been produced in America, and entitles her to rank as an authority among her countrywomen. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE science of cookery keeps pace with the advance of all knowledge at the present day. The most cultivated women are making it a subject of study, while in all our great centres schools exist for the purpose of imparting its principles and practice to throngs of earnest pupils. It is becoming as fashionable for young ladies to use kitchen utensils as to play the piano; and there is a growing emulation among them to display skill in the management of the cuisine. In such circumstances it is inevitable that there should be progress in the art of preparing and serving food. Each new cook-book which follows close upon the heels of its predecessor, shows the development of which the subject is capable. The latest that has appeared, Mrs. Lincoln's "Boston Cook-Book" (Roberts Brothers), combines whatever is best in those which have gone before, with improvements and refinements peculiar to itself. It is so complete and admirable in its various departments that it seems to fill every requirement. How soon it will be rivalled or superceded, it is unsafe to predict; but for the present we may commend it as in every respect unsurpassed.

MR. SAM T. CLOVER is the author, and M. D. Kimball, Chicago, publisher, of a rather amateurish volume entitled "Leaves from a Diary: a Tramp Around the World." The tramp began at Denver, with a capital of thirty cents, and ended at Chicago, with a surplus of twenty-five dollars; the distance covered being something like forty thousand miles, and the time about a year and a quarter. A wide range of experience is implied in such achievements and conditions; and had Mr. Clover proved as skilful in overcoming difficulties of authorship as his record shows him to have been with difficulties of travel, his book might have been an overwhelming success.

MR. ROBERT BARNWELL ROOSEVELT's book on "Superior Fishing" (Orange Judd Company) contains an account of a fishing excursion in the waters of Lake Superior, undertaken by the author with a representative dude for a companion; a description of several species of game fish; directions for fly-making; and a collection of recipes for camp-cooking. It is superfluous to add of one so well known among sportsmen, that Mr. Roosevelt is eminently qualified to speak authoritatively on all matters connected with the fisherman's craft.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. FROUDE's final volumes of Carlylean biography are expected in October.

THE Memoirs of the Empress Eugenie up to the time of the Prince Imperial's death will be ready in the autumn, in both French and English.

A PORTRAIT of Arthur O'Shaughnessy, the lamented English poet, with a sympathetic biography by Mrs. Moulton, appears in "The Manhattan" for July.

MACMILLAN & Co. will soon issue "Alice Learmont," a fairy story, written by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," many years ago, and long out of print.

MISS TINCKER, author of "The Jewel in the Lotus," etc., has written a new novel, the opening chapters of which will appear in the August number of "Lippincott's Magazine."

MR. HENRY CABOT LODGE will edit a new limited edition of the works of Alexander Hamilton, to be published by Putnam's Sons. Mr. Lodge wrote the Life of Hamilton in the series of "American Statesmen."

GENERAL GORDON's "Letters from the Crimea, the Danube, and America," being his private correspondence during the first part of his military career, will soon be published in England, and, presumably, also in America.

THE "Index," a very creditable educational journal, of Ann Arbor, Mich., will hereafter be published fortnightly instead of monthly, with a somewhat widened scope. Several leading professors of the University are announced as contributors.

PRANG's series of "Poet cards," introduced last season with subjects chosen from Longfellow, will be continued this year with a design in honor of Whittier, executed by Miss L. B. Humphrey, and representing scenes from "Snow Bound," "Maud Muller," and "The Barefoot Boy."

"HARPER's" for July has no less than eleven full-page illustrations, three of them being portraits. That of Bismarck, the result of a special sitting, represents him with a full beard, which gives a new effect to the picturesque face of the old Chancellor. The other portraits are of Webster and Jackson. All are strikingly good.

THE National Educational Association will hold its twenty-fourth annual meeting, at Madison, Wis., July 10 to 18. Among the subjects to be discussed are "Citizenship and Education," "Woman's Work in Education," "Education of the Indian," "Deaf-Mute Education," "The Utah Problem as Related to National Education," etc. The attendance promises to be large, and the session one of uncommon interest.

A STATEMENT having appeared in print, to the effect that the Comte de Paris had suspended work on his uncompleted "History of the Civil War in America," Messrs. Porter & Coates, the American publishers of the work, desire us to say that the report should not be credited. According to their understanding with the author, the matter for the

seventh and eighth volumes of the French edition, to form the closing volume (IV.) of the English edition, is well advanced in its preparation for the press, and will be published simultaneously in French and English.

WHAT is known as the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, which reached a rather inane stage in this country some time since, has made its way to Germany, and found congenial soil in the speculative German mind. The principal English and American books on the subject—Miss Bacon's, Mrs. Pott's, and Appleton Morgan's—have recently been translated into German, and the matter is receiving much attention in the leading journals. The "Allgemeine Zeitung" has given several articles to it, and is happy in the belief that the subject is now "in full flood, and in a very short time all German men of learning will awaken to the great interest" of the important questions involved. The German men of learning are to be congratulated on their discovery.

THE Lenox Library, in New York, is understood to be managed in a very peculiar manner, the purpose apparently being to have as few readers as possible. Access to it is had by writing a letter to the Librarian; and in time a card of admission comes back through the post-office. When a student goes there he usually finds the door locked. The New Yorkers have complained of such management for years, but get no relief. These protests sometimes appear in a satirical form. The following *jeu d'esprit*, entitled "A Catechism of the Lenox Library," we copy from the London "Library Chronicle," where it is credited to a New York newspaper. Its humor lies in its close adherence to facts, and will no doubt be best appreciated by persons who have attempted to use the library.

What is this? This, dear, is the great Lenox Library.

What is it for? Nobody knows.

But I thought you said it was a library? So I did.

Then there must be books in it? Perhaps.

Why is it called the Lenox Library? Because it was founded and given by Mr. James Lenox.

Given to whom? To the city of New York.

Oh! then it is a public library? Yes, dear.

How delightful! Why it must be very useful to students and the reading public? Very.

But why are the doors locked? To keep the public out.

But I thought you said it was a public library? So I did.

Then how can they keep people out? By locking the doors.

But why? To keep the pretty books from being spoiled.

Why! Who would spoil the pretty books? The public.

How? By reading them.

Gracious! What are those brass things on the roof? Cannon, dear.

What are they for? To blow the heads off students who want to get in.

Why? And see those gallows? Yes, dear.

And people hanging! Certainly, sweet.

Who are they? Students who got in.

But is there no way of getting into the library without being shot or hanged? Yes, sweet.

How? By writing an humble letter to the kind Lord High Librarian.

Well? He will refer you to the Assistant Inspector of Character.

And then? It will go to the Third Deputy Examiner of Morals.

Next? He will pass it on to the Controller of Ways and Means.

And he? He will, after mature deliberation, send it to the Commercial Agency.

What for? To get a proper understanding of the applicant's solvency.

Well? Then it comes back for the monthly meeting of the Sub-committee on Private Inquiry.

Why? To ascertain if the applicant has any real necessity for consulting any particular book in the library.

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History of the Thirty Years' War. From the German of Anton Gindely, by A. Ten Brook. With an Introductory and a Concluding Chapter by the Translator. *Portraits*, etc. 2 Vols. \$4.

The Story of the Coup D'Etat. By M. DeMaupas. Freely translated from the French, with notes, by A. D. Vandam. Pp. 487. \$1.75.

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Landmarks of Recent History. 1770-1883. By C. M. Yonge. Pp. 279. London. \$1.25.

Short History of the Reformation. By J. F. Hurst, D.D. Pp. 125. Net, 40 cents.

Arminius Vambergy. His Life and Adventures. Written by himself. Portrait and Illustrations. *Popular Edition*. Pp. 370. \$2.50.

"A most fascinating work, full of interesting and curious experiences in the most varied countries and conditions of life."—*Contemporary Review*, London.

Chinese Gordon. A Succinct Record of his Life. By A. Forbes. *Standard Library*. Pp. 171. Paper, 15 cents. Cloth, 75 cents.

Life of John Kalb, Major General in the Revolutionary Army. By F. Kapp. *New Edition*. Pp. 337. *Portrait*. \$1.75.

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The Great Composers. By H. Butterworth. Pp. 179. \$1.

A Strange Life; or, The Philatelic Millionaire; and how a fortune was made by one "penny postage stamp." Being the true Biography of J. W. Palmer, etc. By Nemesis. Paper. London. Net, 20 cents.

TRAVEL AND SPORTING.

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The Tourist's Handbook of Switzerland. By R. Allbut. Maps, Plans and Illustrations. Pp. 344. Flexible. \$1.50.

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Fly-Fishing in Maine Lakes; or, Camp-Life in the Wilderness. By C. W. Stevens. Illustrated. Pp. 217. \$2.

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129 West Chester Park, Boston.

Dr. H. and his Assistants will read with pupils during ten weeks of the vacation.

CHICAGO, ILL.

UNIVERSITY SCHOOL (for Boys),

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Address,
C. N. FESSENDEN, Principal.
Term begins September 13.

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